

The Soldier's Loyalty :

In a Congratulatory

P O E M

ON

His Majesty's Safe Return

TO HIS

British Dominions.

In *Latin* and *English*.

L O N D O N ;

Printed for R. BURLEIGH in *Amen-Corner*. 1717.

(Price Four-pence.)

The Soldier's Weekly

In a Continuation

P O E M

ON

His Majesty's Safe Return

TO HIS

British Dominions

In Love and Fidelity



LONDON

Printed for R. Buryer, in Strand

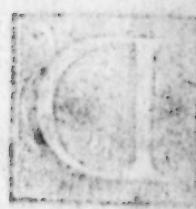
(Price Four-pence)

14

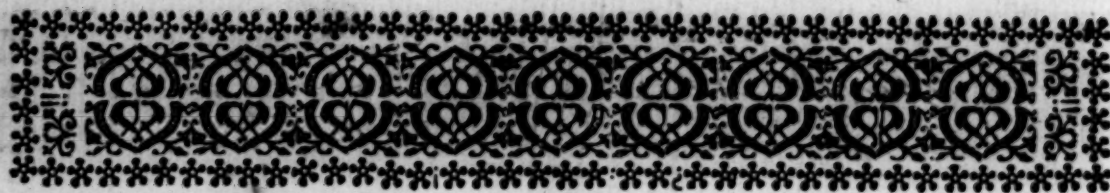
...

...

...



...



*Serenissimæ Regiæ Majestati, ob Auspicatum
in Britannicas Ditiones Reditum, Poema
Gratulatorium.*



U M tua Bellator, Princeps, vexilla secutus,
Audaces Animos tractatis sumit ab Armis,
Orat ut ignoscas, nec sit fiducia Crimen.

Ille velut quondam Soboles temeraria terræ
Attingit solium Jovis & cœlestia tentat ;
Ac metuit ne forte luat pro Crimine pœnas,
Et similis frangat similem vindicta nocentem.
Sed tua, Rex, prohibet clementia nōta timorem,
Spes facit illa ratas vires animosque ministrat,
Et jubet Afflictis melius confidere rebus.
Dum Gentes alias Regum metuenda potestas,
Luctifico terrore quatit, dum dura Tyranni

*The Soldier's Loyalty: A Congratulatory
Poem on his Majesty's Safe Return to his
British Dominions.*

May it please Your Majesty;



OUR Soldier, taking Courage from his Coat,
Begs that his Boldness mayn't be thought a Blot;
He, like th' aspiring Sons of Titan, tries,
An humble Son of Earth, to storm the Skies;
Presumptuously your awful Pow'r alarms
With Impious Verse, as they with Impious Arms:
As equal Crimes do equal Guilt create,
'Tis just the daring Wretch should have their Fate:
But your repeated Gracious Acts declare,
Goodness and Clemency your Darlings are;
Which your poor Soldier humbly hopes to share.
Whilst other Pow'rs, to keep the World in Fear,
Affect the Bloody, Barbarous, and Severe;

B

You

Imperia exercent atque illætabile munus,
 Tu similis miti, Genus a quo ducis, Olympo,
 Undique per populos placidum diffundis amorem,
 Inque animis hominum pompâ meliore triumphas.

JAMQUE inter Procerum plausus & vota Senatus
 Accipias (faveasque precor) munuscula grati
 Cordis, & Officium tenuis ne sperne Camœnæ;
 Dumque Poetarum docto manus æmula plectro
 Altius insurgit, magnoque sonore Poema
 Molitur, Regemque micantibus inserit Astris,
 Defectum ingenii mihi pensat grata voluntas,
 Et fundit pietas carmen, renuente Camœna.

AUSPICIIIS iterum visis felicibus oras
 Angliacas longâque morâ jam gratior intras:
 En! iterum fatis tibi debita Sceptra capescis,
 Quæ tibi pro nostra Cœlum torquenda salute
 Tradidit, & merito jussit succedere Regno.
 En! quantâ fervent populi stipata Coronâ
 Compita, quo studio plaudunt, fremituque secundo,
 Matres atque viri, clamoribus accinit Echo
 Latior, & pulsi colles clamore resultant:

Quid

You the more heav'nly Influences shed,
 Your generous Blessings o'er the Nation spread,
 Relieve the Wretched, and revive the Dead.
 To differing Parties gentle Peace restore,
 And baffl'd Faction plagues the Land no more.

AMONG the num'rous Welcomes you receive,
 Which Wise Men offer, and which Great Men give,
 Vouchsafe t' accept, tho in a meaner Strain,
 This worthless Offering of an humbler Brain:
 Whilst other Verse with graceful Accents move,
 This boasts of Duty and respectful Love.
 Plain Loyalty supplies the Place of Skill,
 And what it wants in Wit, it has in Will.

WELCOME, Illustrious Prince, most welcome home,
 Welcome to your undoubted Rightful Throne,
 Which Heav'n, to make us happy, made your own.
 See in what Crowds your thronging People press,
 Shouting unutterable Happiness:
 Long live Great GEORGE, the joyful Land goes round,
 That Glorious Name the quicken'd Hills rebound,
 And Heav'n well pleas'd, returns the grateful Sound.

What

Quid si dum lætâ plaudit **Britannia** voce,
 Factio demisso testatur **Crimina** Vultu.
 Quid si servilis præcordia concutit horror,
 Et tremit ut nuper trepidam **Prestonia** vidit.
 Fatale & dirum miseræ **Prestonia** nomen!
 Indignans frustra magno cum murmure frendet,
 Frustra ardet diris Regem execrata profanis,
 In seipsam redeunt tibi, quæ mala fata precatur,
 Votaque in ipsius caput ingeminata recurrunt.
 At tu sublimi securus despicias Arce,
 Irrisi nubem belli cassamque Procellam
 Te superi ærato cingunt munimine, Cælum
 Militat omne tibi; quicquid **Britannia** Divos
 Poscat, adest nimium, te Rege, **Britannia** felix;
 Jam nostros intrant **Commercia** libera portus,
 Utraque se nostris immiscuit **India** terris,
 Et non jam toto divisis orbe **Britannis**.
 Gloria nunc **Britonum** totum vulgata per **Orbem**
 (Perfidia quamvis nuper labefacta) résurgit,
 Sese iterum pandens, solitoque vigore triumphat,
 Te metuunt vel amant omnes, & numinis instar,
 Quos non Arma domant, placida indulgentia vincit.

En!

What tho the Senseless, Ignorant, and Weak,
 They who can neither write, nor fight, nor speak,
 With Baleful Envy, and *Prestonian* Fear,
 Or single, or at most by two's appear;
 Preparative infernal Pangs they bear,
 Curses and Oaths to Prayer and Praise prefer,
 Mad their infected Breath don't taint the ecchoing Air.
 In vain with feeble Rage the Wretches burn,
 Their impious Wishes on themselves return;
 Erect and lofty your bright Genius stands,
 And dares their plotting Heads and busy Hands;
 Belov'd and prosper'd by the Heav'nly Pow'rs,
 You make, whate'er is beneficial, Ours.
 Trade ruin'd, Traffick lost, and Credit stain'd,
 By your Auspicious Influence are regain'd;
 And *Britain's* Name, by Treachery bereav'd
 Of its fair Fame by warlike Acts atchiev'd,
 Thanks to your Glorious Conduct, is retriev'd.
 Copying just Heav'n with an unbiass'd View,
 You all with Kindness, or with Pow'r subdue:
 With inexpressible Delight You see,
 Your Subjects worthy of Your Favours be;

En! quantis certant studiis populusque Paterque,
 Par utrumque fides, par jungit utrumque Voluntas;
 Rex Civem, Civis Regem, non impare Curâ
 Amplecti properat, nec promptior ille mereri,
 Quam, simul hic novit, largiri donâ merenti:
 At quum vindictam extorquent peccata Rebellis,
 Blandula luctantes Clementia temperat iras,
 Vulnerat atque ictus Regem, qui vulnerat hostem.

VIVE Parens Patriæ, vivasque diutius oro,
 Pectoribus nôstris, nullo debilis ævo;
 Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cedat
 Partibus, hoc solô contendant nomine Cives,
 Quis melior Patriæ, Regis quis amantior audit.
 At cum fera Dies (procul, O procul oro nefastum
 Dî removete diem) cum Rege potentius omni,
 Subtrahet Angligenis sua maxima munera fatum,
 Succedat Soboles magnum confessa Parentem,
 Succedat Patriæ Virtute & Honoribus aucta,
 Longaque continuo numeretur Cæsare proles.

F I N I S.

Nor are they readier to deserve Regard,
 Than You, when made acquainted, to reward.
 But when the Great Affairs of State require
 Some Wretches, who oppose You, should expire,
 Sadly You view the destin'd Sacrifice,
 The Monarch suffers when the Rebel dies :
 Th' ungrateful Forfeiture of Life you take,
 Not for Your own, but for Your Peoples sake.

LONG live, Great SIR, and may you ever shine,
 Welcome to every Subject's Breast as mine :
 In this great Point may Parties all unite,
 Duty to You to make their chief Delight ;
 And when, full late, Resistless Pow'rs conspire
 To rob poor *Britain* of her Heart's Desire,
 May Favours crown Your most Illustrious Line,
 So Numerous, so peculiarly Divine,
 As may to this Proverbial Speech give Birth,
 That wondrous Blessings wait on wondrous Worth.

The END.

Not are they ready to deliver Regard,
 Than You, when made acquainted, to reward,
 But when the Great Affairs of State require
 Some Wishes, who oppose You, should expire,
 Sadly You view the destined Sacrifice,
 The Monarch suffers when the Rebel dies:
 The ungrateful Fortitude of Life you take,
 Not for Your own, but for Your People's sake.
 Long live, Great Sir, and may you ever shine,
 Welcome to every Subject's Feast as mine:
 In this great Point may Parties all unite,
 Duty to You to make their chief Delight;
 And when, full late, Resistless Pow'rs conspire
 To rob poor Britain of her Heart's Desire,
 May Favours crown Your most illustrious Line,
 So Numerous, so peculiarly Divine,
 As may to this proverbial Speech give Birth,
 That wondrous Blessings wait on wondrous Worth.

THE END.



